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The Seed

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THE SEED

VOL. 2 No. 4 MEMBER U.P.S.

CHICAGO

MAR. 15 - 29

PRICE 25¢ - 35¢ OUTSIDE CITY



✿ THAT WHICH I SHOULD HAVE DONE - I DID ✿

The Seed is published fortnightly by Seed Publications, 1406 N. Sedgwick, Chicago, Ill. The Seed is a member of The Underground Press Syndicate and subscribes to Liberation News Service.

Playboys Of The Western World
Boogaloo Pearlson
Funky Broadway Dewar
Rotten Bitch Editor
Old Lady Walker
Office Sporadics
Walrus Inc.

Mighty Ad Dept.
Parking Offender Rosenfeld
Child Molester Katz

Drorings
Karl-Heinz Meschbach
Pete KeyMack
"I did some too" Walker
Heironymus Walker
Colin - Photographs
Lester Dore
Flower Lady
Ed Balchowski

Contributors
Abe Yippie
Carl Bloice
Abraham Peckolick
James Naylor
The Walrus - courtesy of Lewis Carroll
Dennie Van Tassel
Gerrard Winstanley
Bobby Wettlauffer
Vivekananda Vedanta Society
AVATAR
Toni Suman
Bartholomew Blavatski-Sports Dept.
Spiritual Advice and Sink-wrecking
Dorothy

HOW I WON THE WAR with GOD

or
i can still boogaloo?

The reason I'm writing this article is because the goddamn editor wouldn't do it so I have to. This article is all about the fantastic out of sight (ho hum) Seed Benefit on March 25 at psychedelic Cheetah. Whoopie yobbadabdo yeah!!! Anyway, the cost is a buck and a half (got that kid? perhaps you know what this means \$1.50). The reason for this is because we need some dirty bread so we can have a bigger and better (ho hum) paper. Also some of the bread will go to other goddamn hippie organizations like the Hip Job Co-op and them goddamn Yippies (Y.I.P.). Also CADRE (draft dodgers) but what the hell, for a buck and a half you get to see people like Howling Wolf, Sunshine Gospel Co., the Dayton Street Basement String Band, Little Boy Blues, White Trash Blues Band, King James Version, PAUL KRASSNER, Colin Pearlson man about town with his everfaithful non-materializing partner Harry Dewar or is it Dowar, The Walrus, Al Rosenfeld of Karma Graphics fame, the Plessy-Ferguson Blues Band, and goddamn lots more people---plus psychedelic lights and groovy things.

Along with the Ides of March, Joe Lomuto, Lynn County Blues Band and Lee Katz who is partially responsible for this atrocity the infamous SEED staff will make their first personal appearance since last seen running from unidentified men in white coats from ISPI. Golly, its gonna be fun. Also at last word, The Beatles, The Rolling Stones, Cream, Jimi Hendrix, The Mothers, Jefferson Airplane, all have laughed when we asked them if they would come; Well, anyways, this show should be interesting if not funny and the Monkees said they MIGHT come. President Johnson said "No Comment."

We really would like to see you there because we need your money...bring a friend, your mother and father. Tickets will be available at the SEED office, just ask the mad walrus behind the desk for one. Tickets will also be available at the Molehole, Headland, Insanity, and other hippie havens. Just ask any freak what's happening -- he'll sock it to you..... Hope to see you at pulsating Cheetah on MONDAY MARCH 25.....googookachoob ---The Walrus



SEED COURTESY CARS SPEED DELIVERY THROUGHOUT CHICAGOLAND-- several incidents lately of cops hassling our salesmen, holding them without charge, confiscating their papers...so far, Right has triumphed...they've got nothing to bust us on.

You win some, you lose some. Newest paper to catch our eye is a small piece of toilet paper called the Old Town Garden News, published right down the street at 1422 by one Sy Berman.

In a recent issue, graced by the visage of Sheriff Joseph Woods on the front, sample stories included a news item CITY PLANS FOR RUSH OF GUN REGISTRATIONS; a full-page biography of Sheriff Woods (did you know he studied for the priesthood for eleven years and quit to join the Marines, and that his sister is Richard Nixon's secretary?); a page "What Are Policemen Made Of?"

(sugar and spice and all that's nice, apparently); and what appears to be an editorial column, titled "Looking on Chicago", which states, among other things: "We support the efforts of Sheriff Joseph I. Woods to organize a 1000-man riot-control team. It is by far better to be prepared in the event that trouble erupts this summer. There have been objections by some; however, until the courts rule otherwise, we support the Sheriff."

Now it hardly behooves me to talk too much about the social dynamics of the neighborhood, since I live north of the Great Divide, North Avenue; but it really makes me wonder how come the Seed is the newspaper whose windows get broken?

----The Grey Eminence

>>> EDDIE B. -- AN APPRECIATION <<<

I have written before about Eddie Balchowski, with whom I hold in common several dozen laugh-filled hours and some solemn ones over the course of the last eight years. For those who somehow have missed him: enter Eddie B., shambling, one-armed, lion-headed, noisy and strong, laughing and singing, clumsy and charismatic. And what is he that we should feel him to be larger than life?

He has a fascinating past; so do others. He draws and paints well; so do others. He plays piano better than most people with two hands; that is no mean accomplishment, but not unique. He sings powerfully, talks hypnotically -- all these things have been done before. Why then do we love him? Because he is just what he says he is: "he who is concerned with the space between people."

He has such vitality of soul that even speed can't kill him. He can come into a room and fill it with himself to such an extent that he leaves echoes after he is gone. (I wouldn't be surprised to find out that he is really Superman.)

So, without further ado, ladies and gentlemen, we present the man who leaves behind him a trail of happy cripples, Eddie Balchowski, friend and artist. --vwr

>>> SEE PAGES 12-13 <<<



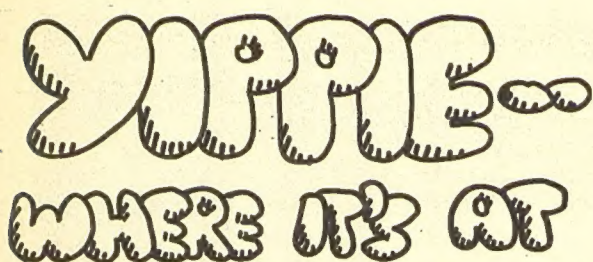
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This is the year of the Y. One hundred thousand Yuppies will gather in Chicago to affirm life and reject the non-alternatives of the National Death Party, to confront Lyndon B. Nixon. We shall pray for him, we shall raise our arms to form the letter, and we shall ask "Why?". Why the war, why poverty, why hatred, why repression? Why, why, Y!

The Festival of Life is to be a Do-In, not a Be-In. Be-Ins celebrated dropping out; Do-Ins confirm the fact that none can be free until all are free. Be-Ins were times of listening to music and seeing community action; Do-Ins are occasions of personal creativity.

You're probably familiar with part of the YIP trip. Judy Collins, Country Joe and the Fish, the Fugs, Janis Ian, Phil Ochs, the Steve Miller Blues Band, and other rock artists, the underground press, community organizations like Green Power and Hugh Romney and the Hog Farm, open mikes and mimeos, a mock convention, guerilla theater, and the rest of the underground spectrum. But the nexus of the Youth International Party is that all the "names", all the people you've heard of and read about, will be irrelevant without thousands of individual energy centers. The Festival of Life will be six days of meaningless performances unless you come and interact, unless you realize the trite sayings we've all rapped about for the last two years. If you do your thing, if you smash the audience-performer student-teacher hangup, if you become your own vortex, then August 25-30 could be the dawn of the post-industrial revolution.

Leaders are frauds; those of us involved in preparation and co-ordination refuse to provide six days of programmed events. You had your shot at the breast, you crawled, now walk or don't bother to appear.

Doers made the Haight; takers destroyed it; let us surpass it.

We tired of political games. YIP offers the politics of ecstasy.

We survived because of our flexibility; let us outdo our past through creative action.

We live in accord with an ethic:

1. Don't put people on your trip--YIP is nothing more than the sum of its individuals.

2. Do your thing--examples are more valid than words, the time is now.

3. Be responsible for your own actions--come with as much as you can. Bring money, food, sleeping bags, blankets, tents, costumes, portable toilets, instruments, toys, helmets, whatever. The Pentagon parking lot became a bumper when we ran short of necessities; YIP will succeed because of preparation and foresight. Bring as much as you can, then.

4. Share, share, share. Sharing is the essence of community. One hundred thousand Yuppies sharing will be more of a confirmation of our way than if manna rained from the sky.

The Void is a groove, but we all come back to the mundane reality. The Void is Free, the Festival of Life will demonstrate a way to liberate and beautify the everyday.

A YIP office has been opened in

NOTES FROM A BLACK REPORTER IN ORANGEBURG

by
carl bloice-lms

Among most newsmen, police and public officials, a hot controversy wages over what touched the Orangeburg incident off. The police, the Mayor and the governor repeat over and over - not without inconsistency - that the students fired weapons at the troopers.

The students deny any of them even had weapons. Some newsmen who were present say the attack was made by the patrolmen. Others disagree. But no one can be found who will say more than that they heard they judged to be gunfire coming from the direction of the campus.

This much can be said conclusively: (1) The students were on the campus and the patrolmen attacked them there; (2) No weapons or spent cartridges were found to connect students with weapons; (3) No patrolman was struck by gunfire; and (4) Three struck by students were killed and 40 wounded.

While the controversy rages over whether there were gunshots on the campus before the police attack, people in the Negro community say the issue isn't very important. They say the patrolmen came prepared to kill or maim some students and they did. They fired shotgun bullets one quarter of an inch in diameter at crowds of unarmed students. This, they say, could never be justified.

Black people here complain angrily over the picture being sent to the outside world about what has happened. One has to, they say, know Orangeburg to understand, and, to say that a segregated bowling alley led to a riot is to know nothing.

Orangeburg, a city of 17,000, is situated 40 miles from Columbia, the state capital. Its population is 62.9 per cent black. The city's boundary lines are drawn in such a way as to leave thousands of Negro families out in the country. The mayor is white. Members of the city council are white. There are a few Negroes on the police force but all the firemen are white.

It is said that the first lunch-counter sit-in took place here the day before events in Greensboro, N.C. in the Spring of 1960. Since that time over 1,600 people have been jailed in this small city, and observers say not one charge has been upheld in the courts.

Campus disturbances, now blamed on "black power advocates," have been almost annual occurrences since 1960. Student demonstrations broke out last spring over the firing of five white instructors. When a group of students were suspended for protesting, larger and more militant demonstrations were held.

New York at 32 Union Square East, Room 607, (212) 982-5090. The YIP code is 10003. A Chicago office will open shortly. Your thing needs your support; stand ready to help, to do, to create.

A reality test, a parting question: The Death Party turns its military minions and police agencies against your brothers and sisters; the powers say no, you cannot be free; people are made to bleed for trying to do their thing. Do you stay home and cry for your family or do you come to be with them in an hour of crisis that will shape all our futures?

----Abraham Yippie

There have been two black community boycotts of downtown merchants (1963 - 1964).

The All Star Bowling Lanes has been a point of controversy in this community for a long time. There were many protests; demands made by the NAACP and student demonstrations last August.

On Monday evening, Feb. 5, and again the following day, students from SCSC and adjacent Claflin College (private) demonstrated in front of All Star. On Monday police closed the lanes. On Tuesday they were opened again and the students returned. There were arrests. Firetrucks--previously used against Orangeburg students--were called in. A scuffle broke out and when it was over scores of students were injured, having been clubbed with what they describe as axe handles.

A protest meeting is said to have been called at Claflin for Thursday evening. At some point during the evening a group of students built a bonfire in front of the campus. The area was quickly ringed with patrolmen and guardsmen. Patrolmen advanced to a point a few feet from the campus. They later said they moved to put out the fire which was spreading to nearby grass.

Suddenly with no warning, no order to disperse or shots in the air, the patrolmen opened fire with high gauge double shot guns on students milling around the campus.

The attack came shortly after a patrolman fell to the ground. He is said to have been struck by a piece of wood thrown from the campus area. Gov. Robert McNair said later the patrol had ample reason to believe he had been struck by a bullet. A newsman who was on the scene said the injured officer had been picked up and moved away before the firing started.

The tales of what followed, as told by the students, are grisly.

A faculty member says he saw 18-year old Samuel Hammon shortly before the violence. He said the husky football player had sought to reassure other frightened students, saying, "Nobody can get killed by protesting."

When the shooting was over, a student identified as Hammon was lying face up on the sidewalk next to Middleton. A photograph on the front page of one of the local papers shows a patrolman pointing what appears to be a pistol at the body. A newsman says he saw the body thrown over a four foot embankment. A story filed by Jim Hoagland of the Washington Post Feb. 11 said the embalmer and the doctor who worked on the youth agreed--he died from one wound in the middle of the back.

The ugliest story is told of the death of the third youth, 18-year old Henry Smith. The surgeon who worked on him told Hoagland that Smith had been shot three times in the abdomen, once in the right shoulder and once in the neck. The story being circulated by the students is that Smith died not from the bullet wound but from a beating at the hands of patrolmen.

Listening to South Carolina discuss the past week is somewhat like listening to a rerun of the Senate investigations of

--continued on page 11

TAKE THAT, YOU HOSTILE SONS-OF-BITCHES: or, HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING & LOVE THE

CIA

If you want an exercise in paranoia, go see "The President's Analyst"--which will have left the Oriental Theatre by the time this reaches print, but will undoubtedly make the neighborhoods for a while. It freaked me out so badly that the sight of the 35 Flavor World-Wide Computeroonie machine on Wells Street sent me running madly up the street, casting wild glances over my shoulder for FBI men, CIA men, Agents of Foreign Powers, and especially the Phone Company People.

James Coburn, who has the wittiest teeth in Hollywood, plays the title role. All the above-mentioned folks, plus a few others, are after him for the Vital National Defense Secrets he's carrying around in his head. Even his girl is a secret agent. The FBI and the CIA are fighting it out as to whether proper procedure is to have him killed (FBI) or caught alive (CIA), the Russians, represented by Severn Darden, are after him for Mother Russia, and the most sinister menace lurks ever-watchful in the sky. He tries to run away, and falls in with a liberal suburban family (these are liberal times, says the father, and we liberals will disarm as soon as the right-wing extremists do); a bunch of Flower Children (no escape there; at the very moment he's balling the chick in the meadow, fourteen foreign agents are killing each other for the chance to kill him, and as he strolls leisurely away from his trysting-place, we see the meadow littered with corpses); fat friendly Severn captures him away from the Canadian Secret Service (CANADIAN SECRET SERVICE?); the Phone Company captures him away from Severn, and Godfrey Cambridge (CIA) has to help extricate him from their electronic toils.

It turns out that the Phone Company is psychotic. In one of the greatest parodies of educational films I've ever seen, the Head of the Phone Company explains their devious plot to take over the world. Coburn, Darden, and Cambridge have to blast their way out with submachine guns; and as the good doctor Coburn, the man of peace, takes up the gun for the first time, he discovers that he **LIKES** the feeling of killing. (Take that you hostile sons-of-bitches, he screams, teeth flashing).

Of course there's the usual happy ending (or is it? all those watchers still sitting there smiling silently and reminding us that we are already too enchained by the Machine to get out); the CIA are the good guys, and we're all one big happy bunch of spies together as the house lights go up...do you suppose this flick was subsidized by the CIA? Now, I've been hearing strange noise whenever I pick up my phone lately, and I'm starting to wonder.... and why do they need a computer to make popcorn, anyway?

--James Nayler



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WITH MANY THINGS WITHIN,
BUT NONE SO RARE AS HE...



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VEDANTA

Vedanta is the philosophy which has been evolved from the teachings of the Vedas. The Vedas are a collection of ancient Indian scriptures, the oldest religious writings which exist in the world. More generally, the term "Vedanta" includes not only the Vedas themselves but the whole mass of literature which has developed from them, right down to the present day. Vedanta philosophy is the common basis of India's many sects. Indeed, as will be shown, it demonstrates the essential unity of all religions. It is a sort of philosophical algebra, in terms of which all religious truth can be expressed.

Vedanta teaches three fundamental truths:

1. That man's real nature is divine.

If, in this universe, there is an underlying Reality, a Godhead, then that Godhead must be omnipresent. If the Godhead is omnipresent, it must be within each one of us and within every creature and object. Therefore man, in his true nature, is God.

2. That it is the aim of man's life on earth to unfold and manifest this Godhead, which is eternally existent within him, but hidden. The differences between man and man are only differences in the degree to which the Godhead is manifest. All ethics are merely a means to the end of this divine unfoldment.

"Right" action is action which assists the unfoldment of the Godhead within us; "wrong" action is action which hinders that unfoldment. "Good" and "evil" are, therefore, only relative values, and must not be used as an absolute standard by which we judge others. Each individual has an individual problem and an individual path of development. But the goal is the same for all.

Because man is divine, he has infinite strength and infinite wisdom at his command, if he will use them to discover his true nature. This nature can be gradually uncovered and known and entered into by means of prayer, meditation, and the living of a disciplined life - that is to say, a life which seeks to remove all obstacles to the divine unfoldment. Such obstacles are desire, fear, hatred, possessiveness, vanity, and pride. The Vedantist prefers the word "obstacle" to the word "sin" because, if we think of ourselves as sinners and miserable, we forget the Godhead within us and lapse into that mood of doubt, despondency, and weakness which is the greatest obstacle of all.

Because the Godhead is within each one of us, Vedanta teaches not merely the brotherhood, but the identity of man with man. It says: "Thou art That." Every soul is your own soul. Every creature is yourself. If

you harm anyone, you harm yourself. If you help anyone, you help yourself. Therefore, all feelings of separateness, exclusiveness, intolerance, and hatred are not only "wrong"; they are the blackest ignorance, because they deny the existence of the omnipresent Godhead, which is One.

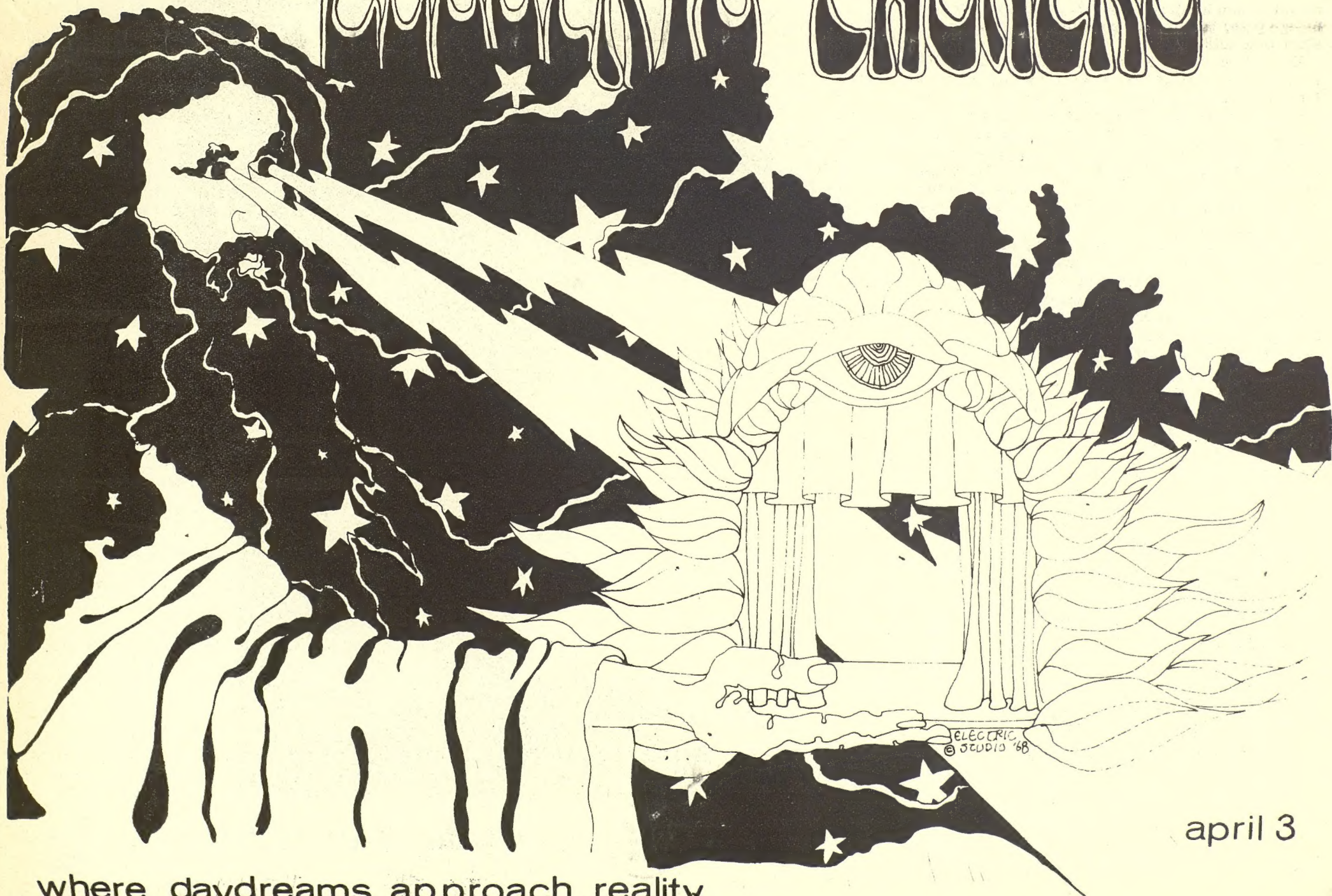
3. That truth is universal.

Vedanta accepts all the religions of the world, because it recognizes the same divine inspiration in all. Different religions suit different races, cultures, temperaments. Every religion, like every individual, is involved in a certain measure of ignorance. But Vedanta does not concern itself with that ignorance. It insists on the underlying truth.

Vedanta is impersonal, but it accepts all the great prophets, teachers, and sons of God, and all those personal aspects of the Godhead who are worshipped by different religions. It cannot do otherwise, because it believes that all are manifestations of the one Godhead. Accepting all, it does not attempt to make converts. It only seeks to clarify our thought, and thus help us to a truer appreciation of our own religion and its ultimate aim.

Reprinted from pamphlet
Vivekananda Vedanta Society
5423 South Hyde Park Boulevard

PLACENTIA THEATRE



april 3

where daydreams approach reality



DICK GREGORY:

If a man puts a tight shoe on his foothe will get a corn. If he wears the tight shoe long enough, the corn will turn into a callus. If a man still persists the callus will swell...and eventually the shoe will wear out. I have never seen the shoe which will wear out one of nature's feet.

America has put a tight shoe on the Negro and now he has a callus on his soul.

Suddenly America seems to be willing to give the Negro a new pair of shoes. But she has disregarded the callus on his soul. Suppose a man wears a size 8 shoe but all his life he has been pushed into a size 7 1/2. It's not enough to say you're giving this man a brand new size 8 shoe. Rather, you have to give him a size 9 or 10 and work on his corns and bunions until he is ready once again to wear the size 8. The Negro in America needs more than a new shoe. He needs a special shoe and the care of a doctor. The Negro needs special treatment.

Civil disorder is Nature's violent reaction to the tight shoe system of oppression in America. And until social pediatricians do the necessary foot-work, civil disorder will continue.

The shoe of oppression tightly grips the callused soul of the Negro in America. Nature demands that the tight system must be removed. Will America pursue a course of justice and righteousness, as Jesus suggested is proper activity among men, so that the callused soul of the black man can grow, develop, and flourish? Or will America continue to violate the Nature of man, so that Nature will cause the callus to become hard and tough and swell to the proportions of breaking through the system and destroying the shoe? Only America can answer. But the immediate proclamation of the black ghetto is clear: the shoe's too tight.

--reprinted from Other Scenes

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AVATAR, Boston's underground paper, has made its dual nature physically evident with its new format. The outside newspaper-size section is just that: a newspaper, albeit a sensitively-written, anti-Establishment one. But what is one to make of their inner section? Primarily the feelings of Mel Lyman and his coterie, who sound like a fantastically aware bunch of people. The influence of Aries is written all over it: cardinal fire, really fine and flaming.

☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

The city of Newport Beach, California is considering a federal grant of about \$500,000 to buy several mobile television cameras, equipped with telescopic lenses and infrared devices which will enable the police to keep an eye on the natives in the fog and in total darkness; not only in the banks and department stores, but also in the parks, streets and on the beaches. Add sound and you have 1984....16 years ahead of schedule!

.....

We were told by one of our Friendly Neighborhood Police that MACE won't bother you if you're drunk. "We emptied a whole can of the stuff into the face of this drunk who was giving us trouble," he says, "and it didn't faze him."

Prepare for next August, gang: everybody MUST get stoned....

Well, fans, another paper bites the dust. The View From Here, Gren Whitman's mimeo thingie (book reviews, news, comment, etc.) is folding. Whitman explains that he's "about to start working with the Inter-Faith Peace Mission as an organizer, and won't have the time or the funds".... He leaves us with the wish REST IN AGITATION. Good luck, Gren. We'll miss your news and Views.

Because of the growing need for manpower in Vietnam the Defense Department, while publicly paying lip-service to the idea that homosexual persons are unfit for military service, has quietly instructed induction centers to make discreet "exceptions" to the rule--in the cases of homosexuals who are not the "obvious" types. There have been at least a half-dozen instances in which practicing homosexuals have been classified 1-A since the first of the year, and, as many cases of others who have been inducted into service in spite of the Pentagon policy which automatically disqualifies any person who claims to have "ever had" or now has "homosexual tendencies."

--Committee to Fight Exclusion of Homosexuals from the Armed Forces

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NEWS FROM CADRE

The United States now stands on the eve of a new era of McCarthyism. We of CADRE see the reactivation of the Subversive Activities Control Board as one of the greatest internal threats to America today, and the W. E. B. Dubois Clubs as their first target. CADRE has set aside differences to stand beside the Dubois Clubs in condemning the reactivation of the S. A. C. B.

Part of the simplistic analysis and rhetoric of the American government in the past twenty years has been the labeling of certain groups that are working for social change as "subversive." It is time that the American people reject this simplistic view, and recognize, for example, that riots in Black ghettos are not the work of outside agitators, and that the war in Vietnam is not a war of "communist aggression." These rebellions are outward manifestations of deep-seated social, economic and political problems.

The problems faced by the American people today, in our own country and throughout the world, are complex problems which require complex solutions. Finding these solutions will require the maximum participation of all segments of the population. To deny anyone the right to participate by labeling him a communist or a subversive, is to sow the seeds of tyranny in this country. To invest in government officials the right to limit the possibility of dissent in this country is to undermine the foundation of a free society.

The hysteria which existed during the years 1949-1955 must not be repeated. Hysterical acceptance of the anti-communist premise permitted the U.S. to become directly involved in Vietnam in 1954. And now, when a broad segment of the American population is dissatisfied with its government's policies, the government arbitrarily decides that what is needed to get it out of the problem is the same hysteria that got it into the problem 14 years ago.

CADRE has never before taken a public stand on issues not directly related to the draft and the war in Vietnam. However, we feel that we must take this public position in opposition to the desperate efforts of a failing administration to find scapegoats for its failures.

#

Orill Hubbard, Mayor of Dearborn, Mich., and Zoltan Ferency, 1966 Democratic candidate for Governor of Michigan, were featured March 9 at an Institute for "The Politics of Withdrawal: Preparation for a New Foreign Policy", sponsored by the Illinois Committee for a Vietnam Referendum. The Illinois Committee is mounting a statewide campaign to place the Vietnam issue on the ballot in November.

* * *

On March 7, Joan Baez appeared in a CADRE-sponsored program at the U. of C.'s Mandel Hall. Speaking with her was David Harris, draft resister, one of the founders of The Resistance, and former student body President at Stanford University. He will be arraigned later this month in San Francisco for induction refusal. Joan and Dave plan a nation-wide tour to raise money for draft resistance groups and for his defense.

* * *

March 9 CADRE held a meeting at the American Friends Service Committee to coordinate action of those people considering participation in the April 3rd National Day of Non-Cooperation by returning their draft cards to federal authorities. CADRE is attempting to begin to build an atmosphere of community among draft resisters. Anyone interested in participating (directly or indirectly) in the April 3 thing should contact CADRE at 333 W. North Ave. phone 664-6895 or 664-6967



AVATAR

After months of harassment, arrests, court appearances and the like, AVATAR, Boston's underground newspaper, decided to take definite action before it was completely ruined financially. The following is an account by one staff member of AVATAR's war with Boston. The action started on Monday, February 5.

At the appointed hour, we gathered in Harvard Square and fourteen dedicated friends began to sell issue No. 18 in open defiance of the police crackdown. An hour or so went by and no police appeared. Nervous jokes were cracked. Avatar sold like hotcakes. Someone suggested calling the police and making a complaint about all the smut sellers in Harvard Square. Then, almost from nowhere, Mutt and Jeff (officially known as Killen and McNulty, the Cambridge Vice Squad smut-squashers) stepped from their car and arrested Avatar's chief artist, then others in rapid succession. Word went around the Square that arrests were being made. Everyone selling ran to join the crowd of a hundred or so witnesses and began making sales right under the noses of the police. The wagon arrived, and each vendor, a total of fourteen, was marched in and locked up. Later that night, most were told that they could be released on personal recognizance. All fourteen refused to be bailed.

It was an impressive show the next morning in court, when one by one they stood beside each other in the box, to answer charges of "Selling an Obscene printed paper." Fourteen pleas of not guilty were entered. All the Harvard students were released on personal recognizance, the rest were held on bail. The students said they would stay in if the bail money could not be raised, but it was decided that we needed as many outside of jail for the second day of the sell-in as possible. Finally we raised the money and everyone was free.

The reaction to the previous day's arrest was even better than we'd expected. The Harvard Crimson story that morning along with a mimeographed announcement brought about fifty people out to sell Avatar, all of them willing to go to jail. The scene was incredible. We ruled the day. It was impossible to tell who was selling and who was buying. Avatar was everywhere. It replaced hello as the day's common greeting. By the end of the afternoon we had raised more than \$600 in sales and donations, just about enough to cover our bail expenses in the last week. Single issues had been sold for as much as \$20.

But where were the police? Had they gotten smart and decided not to arrest us? Almost. Word came from someone that chief Grainger would like to discuss terms with us. We met him in his office. He looked as though he had had enough; he looked sick. An agreement was reached. Avatar wanted seven street vendors in Harvard Square. We got them. We wanted our confiscated papers back. We got them. We wanted arrests to stop. There will be no more street arrests. From now on, the City Solicitor, not the Police Dept., will decide if Cambridge wishes to prosecute. If they should, and hopefully the City Solicitor knows more about the law than the cops, then salesmen will only have to give their names and addresses. Later, they will politely receive a summons.

We were amazed. We had been ready to go on for weeks, and it was accomplished in less than forty-eight hours. It may not stop

prosecutions, but it does make the whole process more civilized. Most importantly, it gives us time to wait for our innocence to be proven in the courts. It means that within forty-eight hours we won what we needed. And it shows how far away from home America is, when its people must still fight for a free press two hundred years after the American revolution.

It's hardly all over. All we know is that Avatar people, united with college students, managed to stand close enough together to force the city of Cambridge to respect the basic rights of free America. We can do it again.



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Blue Cheer has hopped onto the bandwagon of musical eclecticism. The Beatles hire symphonies as studio men, jazz groups record head sounds, and sitars are springing up all over. Blue Cheer's donation to this musical fusion is an attempt to synthesize blues and acid rock. As such, it's a bad check.

The group is one of the strongest around. They can blow you out of seat and head in less time than a cap of their namesake (it's no accident that Owsley wrote the liner poem). They could call themselves the Jimi Hendrix Blues Band and everyone would understand, they could vibrate Big Brother to a standoff, they must freak a lot of L.A. listeners who catch them live and discover that they are but three in number. Blue Cheer is a product of the electronic age; "Amplifiers: Jim Marshall" might have been a more representative title for the album. But despite (or perhaps be-

cause of) all this, they submerge blues in a sea of Electric Kool-Aid rather than synthesize it with hard rock and electronics.

Of the six cuts, only "Dr. Please" and "Out of Focus" succeed in blending forms. Recognition of blue's inherent structural demands leads to the use of freaked-out guitar work and powerful drum riffs to enhance rather than subvert the basic pattern. The merger of verbal urgency and electronic gimmickry in "Please" is so well done as to be pantheistic; even the chaotic "Third Stone From the Sun" closing is fused to the dominant blues theme by the chordal glue of bass and drums. This adhesive does its thing in "Out of Focus" by forcing the group in on itself until it approaches a conglomerate tightness reminiscent of Moby Grape. Listen to the Candyman do "Georgie Pines", listen to Linn County's better material, then pick up on "Out of Focus". All three are effective because they "wing it" over a firm, definitive pattern.

"Summertime Blues" is at the other extreme, with the "earth's core" guitars of Leigh Stevens and Dick Peterson and Paul Whaley's cymbals & drums demolishing the oldie but moldie. In comparison, Eddie Cochran's original of perhaps a decade ago sounds like it was recorded on the Neolithic label. Cheer's version is pure energy. The musicianship is ordinary, the song was never great, and there's little integration, but the 45 may gain a gold record on power alone.

The end of "Out of Focus" is the end of musical rapprochement, for "Parchment Farm" and "Second Time Around" are jumbled and confused mixtures of blues & Hendrix. "Parchment Farm" is a song sandwich, with prison blues bread surrounding amplified jelly-rock. You know what happens when you overdo the preserves; the bottom piece (here the refrain) is inundated. Chords too much like those of "Summertime Blues" and the corrosion of a blues staple by over-submersion

Cont'd. on pg. 11

THE BLUES? HELL!

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BLACK REPORTER IN ORANGEBURG

--continued from page 3

the disturbance at Texas Southern University last year. Official statements have that familiar ring. It "has become apparent" the governor says, that the violence was caused by people who "represent only a small minority." The outside agitators in this case are "black power advocates."

The black power advocate, Cleveland Sellers, official of the Student Non-violent Coordinating Committee, is in jail on charges of having incited the violence. He was arrested after being shot Thursday night. Bail was set at \$50,000.

Students and faculty members scoff at the suggestion that Sellers is responsible for last week's events. From Monday on, they say, the demonstrations were led and participated in by student body leaders and student NAACP officials as well as campus militants. One faculty member described the campus movement as a "broadly-based cross section of the campus."

One student remarked, "They are trying to say that a riot was caused by Sellers and not the bowling alley. That just don't make sense."

"The Orangeburg Massacre" is over. Something rare for this country, and unheard of in some parts of the world has happened again. Law enforcement officers have come onto a campus and meted punishment to protesting students in the form of an armed attack. What happens in Orangeburg next will no doubt be decided by the students themselves when they return to the campus. They have lost two of their numbers plus one high school kid. Over 40 others have been scarred or maimed for life. No one who came in from the outside can be sure how they feel about it as there were less than 10 students who had not left town when the weekend began. But there's not much room for doubt.

BLUE CHEER

Cont'd. from pg. 9

in the acid bath result in an effort that's neither bluefish nor wildfowl. The Blues Breakers (with Clapton) harvest "Farm" as it should be reaped; flash the Red Crayola if you like rock anarchy.

"Second Time Around" has so many good elements that the failure to fuse is even more disappointing. Each of the three segments falls prey to dissonance: the opening Captain Beefheart-Mothers-new Airplane-Beefheart-Airplane progression concludes with a Gene Krupa-like riff ("Caravan" with a drum solo?), the tight drum-guitar work collapses into a noise session for lead and percussion, and the return to the dum-dum-dadadadadum Beefheart leadin is warped by five seconds of machinegun guitar and....that's all, folks. You're left in the the Void, with nothing to bring you down.

That was my first impression: a dearth of overall tightness. A la the Grape or the Springfield, a lack of individual virtuosity such as that possessed by the members of the Cream, a blind spot for eclecticism. I felt like calling their physician and saying "doctor, please" make your patients listen to "After Bathing At Baxter's" until they learn about trading off, and to any blues classic until they become at one with the underlying form. I felt that the album would succeed because of its pure power, but that it was not an especially noteworthy contribution to the new music.

I played the album one more time. Musical satori. Despite the electronic intensity, the totality of *Vincebus Eruptum* is dependent on--are you ready--words! Blue Cheer uses music as a tool to express their world-view.

They ask the same question throughout: "Sometimes I wonder what I'm gonna do" ("Summertime Blues"); "Why don't you help me?" ("Dr. Please"); "Won't somebody tell me, tell

THE MUSIC SCENE

by BOBBY WETTLAUER

(NOTE: the following is the first of what we hope will be a regular music column by Bobby Wettlaufer, former manager of the Gate of Horn (State Street and Chicago Avenue, for those who go back that far), Big John's (where he started the whole north side rock scene by bringing Paul Butterfield up to the neighborhood), and Mother Blues; currently he's managing the Siegal-Schwall group and the Howlin' Wolf, among others; and he's planning to open his own place in the near future, to bring more major rock and blues groups to Chicago.)

LITTLE WALTER--DEAD AT 38

Little Walter is dead...for those of you who don't know, Walter originated the harmonica style that has been popularized by Jr. Wells and Paul Butterfield. He introduced an entirely original, unique way of playing the harmonica that has become the dominant "school" for virtually all harp players in blues and rock. With predictable awareness the major Chicago newspapers failed to give Little Walter the obituary a giant in music and one of the founders of the Chicago Blues sound deserved. Walter made his name in that perennial mother lode of talent - the Muddy Waters band: they got together in a street band on Maxwell Street. No cause of death was given in the newspapers, but the word is that Walter was badly beaten by someone he knew just five hours before he died of a cerebral hemorrhage.

Speaking of harp players, Chicago Slim is me what wrong with me?" (Out of Focus); "Don't know what to say, don't know what to do" ("Second Time Around"). They confront the gamut of authority figures: boss, Congressmen, the United Nations, the medical (or is it the pharmacological) profession, and get nothing more than chaotic musical advice. Peterson and his accompanists know that they've been sentenced to life imprisonment on the "Parchment Farm" of reality, they know about "the goddam shotgun" at their backs, and they won't rest until they discover a panacea. They toy with and abandon materialism--the doctor's "good livin" and the money to achieve it ("Summertime Blues")--hedonism--to ball "until my back ain't got no bone" (Rock Me Baby)--drug escapism--"a pain-killer shot inside of me" ("Dr. Please")--and mysticism--the "magic man within" and the angel who came "to spread her wings" ("Out of Focus"). Values are transvaluated, morality is overthrown to the extent that Peterson can confess to having killed his wife (his past?) and still claim that "I ain't never done nobody no harm." And the answer that emerges after all this struggling, after tradition (blues) is torn asunder (acid-rock), is sudden silence. There are no absolutes, "there ain't no cure for the summertime blues." Wonder if Blue Cheer's read Gurjieff?

.....Abe Peckolick



out of the Army and turning down offers in order to form his own band.

The Graham Paper Press, an excellent blues-rock group appears every Saturday afternoon at the Midas Touch on Wells St. from 3P. M. to 8 P. M. You can catch them on the Ted Weber show, ch. 26 Monday at 10:10.

Tom Kane will present Opheus, one of the "Bosstown" groups, Boston's answer to the San Francisco sound, in the expanded, "more psychedelic" Like Young on March 2nd and 3rd. The overhauled Blues Project appear at Like Young March 8, 9, and 10...Danny Kalb no longer plays and Al Cooper has formed his own group, Blood, Sweat, and Tears and has signed with Columbia.

Chess Records' new label, Cadet Concept, will be devoted to avant-garde rock and will introduce unknown contemporary rock bands. Rotary Connection, the premier group for the label, have already attracted national attention with their very boss first album to the point where radio stations are playing cuts off the album. Cadet Concept will introduce two other groups from England, the Status Quo and Trees. Trees album will be produced by George Martin who does the Beatle albums.

The Sitzmark introduces State St.'s first regularly scheduled Blues night every other Tuesday starting March 12 with Howlin' Wolf and Otis Rush booked for the first two Tuesdays. They should sound great in that small room.

The Mothers of Invention and the Cream play on the same bill April 27th at the Coliseum. Cream are considered the best group (most popular) in rock because of their improvisational approach and individual musicianship, led by Eric Clapton. There's a lot of talk going around that Eric Clapton is the best guitarist on the scene and that Mike Bloomfield agrees. Any comparison doesn't make sense because each does his own thing, but in my opinion Mike Bloomfield will emerge as the world's foremost guitarist when the Electric Flag American Music Band releases their first album this spring.

Country Joe and the Fish are planning a single release in March followed by their third album (which they consider their best) in May.

Frank Freid (Triangle Productions) has signed Blue Cheer for Chicago appearances April 19, 20, and 21; the location has not been set.

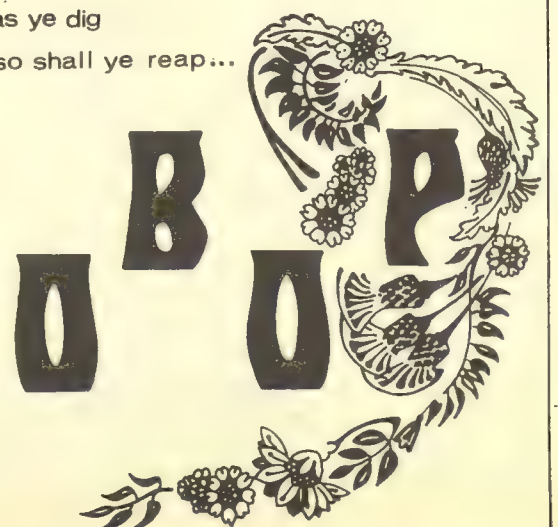
Cheetah has the Butterfield band and Big Brother and the Holding Co. set for March. Cheetah complains that the Chicago underground does not support the underground bands by turning out to hear them. Is the Chicago underground a myth? Could Cheetah's prices have anything to do with the poor turnout for a group as good as the Vanilla Fudge, or is it a lack of 'hipness' in the so called hip community of Chicago?

Al Grossman has signed Big Brother and the Holding Co. to a personal management contract. Grossman says that Dylan will not be making any personal appearances this summer, so that ought to end those rumors.

--Bobby Wettlaufer

as ye dig

so shall ye reap...



POETRY BY EDDIE B.

Freedom is that quality
in human relationships
that manifests itself
when people recognize
the necessity of when
they must either hold
back or let go in their
relationship with others.

I am he who is concerned with the space between people.

Cook County Jail, Chicago 1957

For what?—
If not for who,
If not for me.....

There can be no being here.

(Not that you, Detective,
Are anyone you are to me.)

To your face I say,
"Here is my back",
And to your back
I say nothing.

And in this our silence,
All things turn;
And turning grinds
A harsh abrasive note,
Until it strikes—
And breaks the heart,

Then, perfect strain
Is perfectly supported.
Shadows die where first they fall.
And all of space
Is viciously divided
To serve each day
With three dark and separate suns
That rise and set in cold and empty skies.

And ninety times
each thirty days
All of life is fitted
With a dull, indifferent shroud.

As you pass each fence and door
I see you pass.
The wind-loud alley
And the dog you hear—
I hear.
You touch and eat
And I am pleasantly nourished.
And so together
We are free
To act alone;
Or,
Come once more
As strangers to each other.

As they fall
No special place is made for them.

Beyond their summer—
And beneath the broad fullness
Of the spring they knew,
(Like so many before them,)
They felt that surely they alone
Knew the melting,
And the running,
And the dripping—
Of winter.

Poetry is the language of crisis

I love you
So far beyond this night
That the edge, -
The very limit of my love
Silently recedes, -
And leads me
To its promise
Of love's new self.
And in you I find an endlessness
Of love in every moment,
And with you eternity lives in every hour.
And for you let your life be filled with joy. Love.

I love you
So far beyond this night
That if there were no dawn, -
No sun, -
Yet this night's love would rise!

Cross Country

Chill fields, -
Dry-brown,
Black;
sheltered, -
wet-brown,
Green
(Spectator trees.)

Thin firm sky
Unbroken by horizon's dancing maze.
Villages flash,
And towns press upon the eyes;
A city sprawls its demands
In a haze of mimicry.

Miles of dips and rises
And smaller rises and dips
Support a house,
A car,
A house,
A car,
Three houses and four more cars;
And in these cars and houses
It is decided
When the fields
And where and how the rooms.

winter morning
north clark street, chicago

The grey stain
Dissolving and reforming
On my heart -
Is this day.

Cold dripping dawn
Found me hurrying, -
Pointed at this hour;
But now, the stone
And metal all about me
Fail to mark the air
With any sign of time's division,
Nor lend one solid touch
To motive's meanest rank,
Or action's smallest hope.

Grey dissolves and reforms,
Dissolving and reforming
Again and again -
Until the heart itself is grey.

A poet is just somebody who suddenly finds poems
all over the house.

Gaze or look away, -
Now at morning,
Now not at noon;
(Invisible evenings
Are spent well in advance.)

Gathering a little,
But still not close, -
They press together
What they hold apart
With old aircraft
In their courthouse-yards.

Saying yes
To most things
And mostly NO
To themselves;
They cannot see
Or understand
What it is
They demonstrate.



Volta Ferguson until this year was a little-known avant-garde composer, whose St. Eustace Passion had a limited but enthusiastic coterie of admirers. Marlow Plessy's last gainful employment was in a processed cheese factory. But now, whatever happens, Plessy and Ferguson will make musical and social history, and their accomplishment will have a greater impact on our culture than any other creative event of modern times. For they are co-creators of an ensemble sound that will set the music world and the communications media on their collective ear.

A Manual of Style (Supreme SC163, mono; SC537, stereo), by the Plessy-Ferguson Blues Band, shatters all labels and critical categories. It is athematic, techtonic, serial and aleatoric; it is dissonant and lyric; it utilizes tone clusters, syncopation, and even triadic harmonies; and it has echoes and roots in a vast spectrum of musical expression: from modern rataplan to the cantus fermus of Dufay; from the blues to the microtonic Japanese Mikagura.

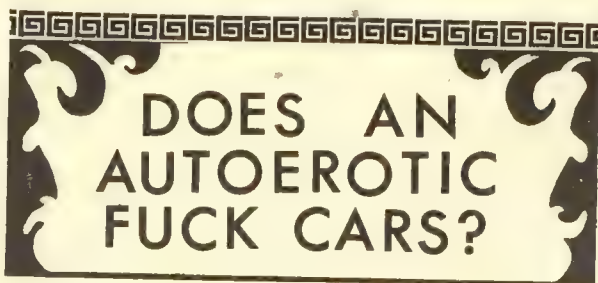
"Palm Beach Monologue" features sitar and drone as these venerable and recently popular instruments have never before been used. "Monologue" has no clearly audible motives, no sequences, and no breaking of the line into structured units. And yet it achieves an incredible intensity, culminating in a breath-taking apotheosis. The integral, amorphous sound undulates, swells, and ebbs; and pulses relentlessly ahead to its inexorable cathartic end--a plane of sound and yet a climax. The sitar work on this of former Nashville sideman Johnny Bones is marvelous.

About "Orgasm" little need be said, except to comment on the percussion work of the unaccountably hitherto-unheard of Bill Bustv.

Ora Mae Denny, the featured vocalist on "She Don't Like Men" is a sensation. Miss Denny was born and raised in Tifton, Georgia, and has resided in Danville, St. Joseph, Michigan, Sausalito, New York, and Tangiers, where she is said to have studied cosmology under the tutelage of the legendary Oufkir Akmehd ibn-Bazir. Her vocal style is reminiscent of a kind of cross between the great Lil Green ("Why Don't You Do Right?") and Ethel Waters. Indeed, "Men" (Ferguson; lyrics by Plessy) has in some respects a similar quality to the Ethel Waters-Ellington work of the late 1920's. Incidentally, on "Men" there is an intriguing sound like an electric pencil-sharpener with, however, a rich tone. The instrument is unidentified. It may be, in fact, Ora Mae Denny's voice.

"A Manual of Style" is an apocalypse, impossible to criticize, categorize, or characterize, except to note it will greatly influence both pop music and serious music. It will be heard on radio "rock" programs and in conservatories, and it will be, however, the devil to imitate. In lieu, therefore, of critical or descriptive comment, here follows a list of the personnel and their instruments:

Busty--drums, tabla, glockenspiel, triangle, and electronic washboard; Otis Farrell--electric bass; Plessy--electric piano, harmonica, and vocal; Bones--sitar and electric cello; Trospen--guitar, electric violin, and vocal; Ora Mae Denny--vocal, shofar, and flugelhorn; Prof. Irwin R. Strechmeister--digital computer (unspecified); and Ferguson--mellophone, kazoo, vocal, and electric systems supervisor. Melodically and metrically, "A Manual of Style" somewhat calls to mind Bartok (particularly "Fifth String Quartet") and the late John Coltrane's Ascensions. The vocal parts--with the exception of a pristine solo interlude by



Can the Wabash 'L' be obscene? Who's answer to the revolution? You naughty boy, you abused your mushrooms! Dig these and other issues in Joe Lomuto's one man show, a freaky combination of poetry and prose mixed with his own satire and commentary.

Actor Lomuto, a white middle-class revolutionary, spent four years with the San Francisco Mime Troupe before he began to perform (not read) poetry back in 1966. The following year he took his show 'Lomuto Performs Poetry' on a tour of the Pacific Northwest and turning right, ended up here in America's cultural backwater eight months ago. Since then he's developed four new shows and presented them at various local coffee houses (Door, Natural Child, No Exit) and colleges (DePaul, Rosary, U of I Circle Campus). The shows are titled 'The Revolutions', 'Both/And' 'What Do You Call A White Uncle Tom?' and 'The Way I Feel'.

Joe looks at civil rights, censorship, hippies, love and revolution through his own experience and the works of Allen Ginsberg, Yevgeny Yevtushenko, James Baldwin, Bertholt Brecht and Hans Magnus Enzensberger. He interprets his material with the perceptiveness of one who is involved in what he is talking about and more, straight or hip, he involves his audience. Deftly varying style, voice and gesture to suit the mood and message of each work, he exhibits an impressive dramatic range, shifting smoothly from actor to entertainer, revolutionary to lover, common man to uncommon man. His satire is here, now and funny.

His most recent performance was at the First Step Coffee House on Saturday, March 9. Particularly outstanding among Lomuto's selections that evening were 'Circus' by Lenore Kandel, a real trip, 'America' by Allen Ginsberg, an excellent rationale for revolution and 'The Lovesong of J. Alfred Prufrock' by T.S. Eliot, apology for a middle-class liberal cop-out who happens to be human after all.

Lomuto is next scheduled to do his thing at the Door, 3124 N. B'way, March 21-24 (free-free) and at the Seed Benefit at Cheetah on March 25. Go and Groove.

Toni Suman

Miss Denny--may recall the collages of the Mothers of Invention or C. Mingus and his group. (The influence of Jerry Lee Lewis is also present.) Since aspects of the lyrics, particularly the recitative, are quite obscene, the composition will undoubtedly undergo alteration or deletion before radio or public performance.

"I Hate What's Under The Rock" is a straightforward "rock and roll" number, marked however by the remarkable Plessy-Ferguson depth and substance. It is sure to receive much play in the pop field; although there may be difficulty over its apparent advocacy of belladonna use. Vocals are by Miss Denny, Plessy, the phlegmatic Trospen, and the somewhat reedy Ferguson.

The Plessy-Ferguson Blues Band is certain to become a dominant--if not the dominant--moving force in music today. In addition, their work raises certain philosophical and spiritual questions implicit in its very nature; their music will have great effect on our mass culture and also that of contemplative men. Regarding the former, P-F's work may encounter initial difficulties reaching the mass media outlets because of the fundamental questioning it elicits alluded to above. Also, it must be acknowledged, because of its occasional very raw obscenity. But one owes it to oneself and the Eternal Universal Process to demand that the Plessy-Ferguson Blues Band be heard.

--Gerrard Winstanley

BOOK REVIEW

THE PENTAGON: POLITICS, PROFITS, AND PLUNDER by Clark R. Mollenhoff. New York: B.P. Putnam's Sons, 1967 \$6.00.

In this presentation of the profit motive in defense spending, Clark Mollenhoff provides a good introduction to how the Pentagon is able to manage news, buy off the opposition, and discredit all others.

Why NBC has attacked Jim Garrison's investigation with such vigor might be explained, the author implies, by the fact that NBC is owned by Radio Corps of America, a major defense contractor. Moreover, ABC is controlled by International Telephone and Telegraph. When the reader realizes that two of the three major TV networks are puppets of major defense contractor, he may well question the validity of their presentation of major issues.

This ironic revelation, which Clark Mollenhoff sees as so important on the national level, is but one of many often unrecognized facts which are raised in this lucid book.

Another is that senators from states which receive the highest amount of defense appropriations are Vietnam hawks; such as Texas, California, and Georgia. Also, senators or representatives who criticize the Pentagon can expect to have military bases closed in their districts and have large defense contracts shifted out of their districts as the TFX F111 was shifted from Washington to Texas. Universities which criticize the Pentagon find themselves without research funds says the author.

This reviewer does not regret that the author includes in his work a highly interesting excursion into the use of cash by the CIA and defense department which is quite pertinent at this time. Mollenhoff shows, for instance, that some of the confidential cash used by the defense department and CIA could easily go into political slush funds and advertising funds. It is known that the CIA subsidizes right-wing books to help get them published in the U.S. How much munitions companies contribute to pro-war politicians and activities is the beginning of the weakness in the book: does Dow Chemical give money to hawks seeking re-election?

Unfortunately, the author never gets to the root of war profiteering, or the elimination of profits on war equipment and the reader is left with many questions: Why aren't stock dividends, over-time pay and all war profits stopped immediately when a man is drafted? Would this make war too unpopular and too UNPROFITABLE? If soldiers are to be drafted for war, wealth should be drafted for war also.

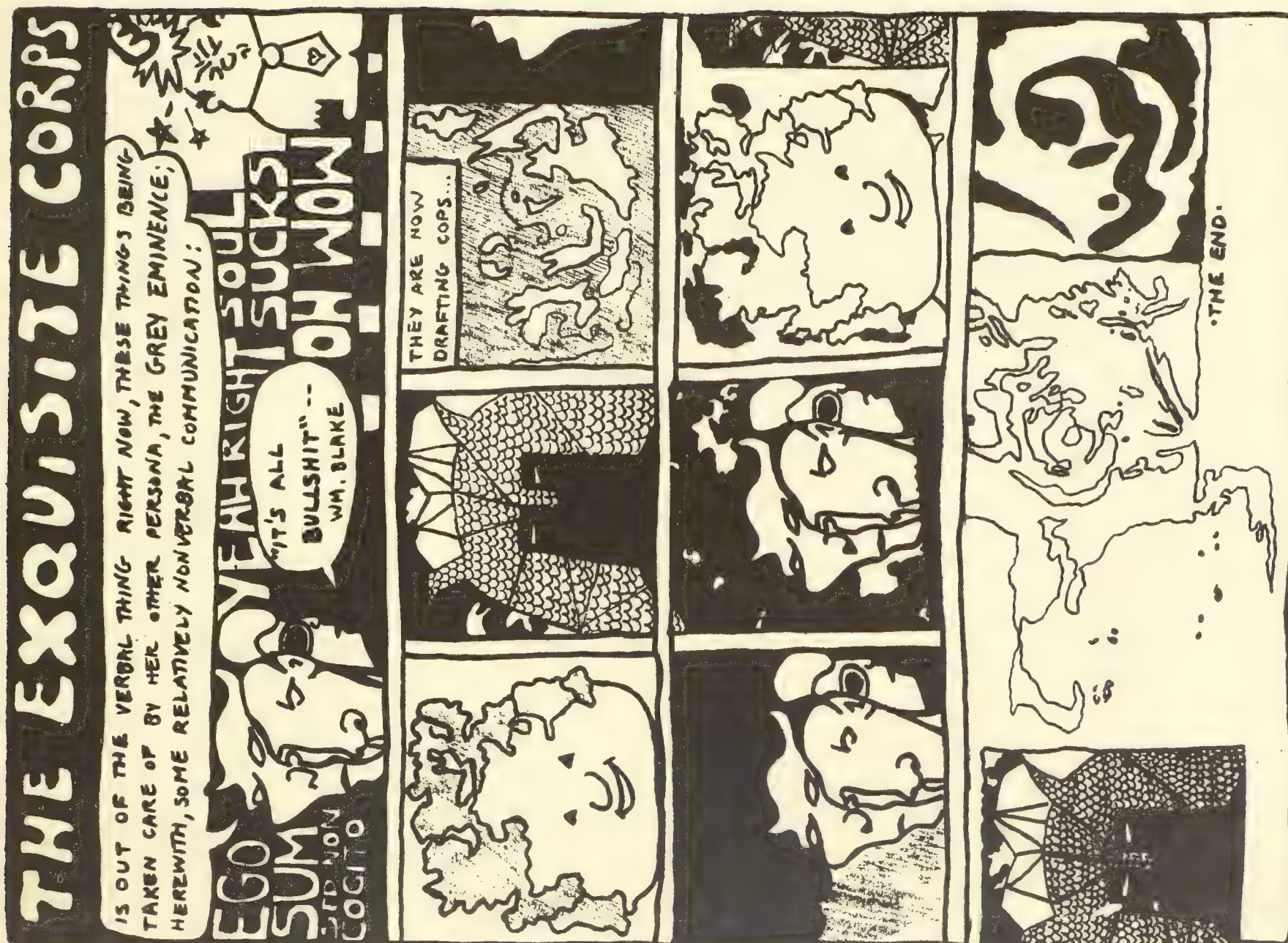
Nor does the author get into present war-profiteering. If Mollenhoff were writing at this moment, he would have to present examples of multi-million dollar fraud in the present war as well as in the Korean war. But his whole presentation remains essentially an attack on McNamara.

Yet these unanswered questions should not prevent the reader from remembering that the anti-war movement has reached its strongest peak at this time, but has failed to direct any of its attention at one of the major causes behind any U.S. war--the profit motive.

Is it reasonable to expect laborers who make over-time pay, stockholders collecting large dividends, and companies collecting large profits from munitions to be against the war? Is it reasonable to expect a senator from a defense oriented state to be against the war?

Probably the best way to stop this war and future wars is to make wars as unpopular with the people at home as with the people fighting and dying in them. That is, remove all profits from war munitions as soon as a person is drafted against his will. This one major act would make it possible to evaluate present military policies and move realistically instead of just profitistically.

--Dennie Van Tassel



dove-tags

AS LONG AS THE MILITARY HAS THEIRS...WE'LL HAVE OURS...

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The only way our resistance is going to make it is if we hang more tags than they do. If Peace and Freedom and Love is your thing... Then DOVE-TAGS is your thing too.

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SYMBOLS OF PEACE...FREEDOM...LOVE

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Just send \$1.00 for each set of DOVE-TAGS.
(White Peace Symbol on Red Tag, White Dove on Blue Tag,
Neck chain included)

Send my Dove-Tags to me at:

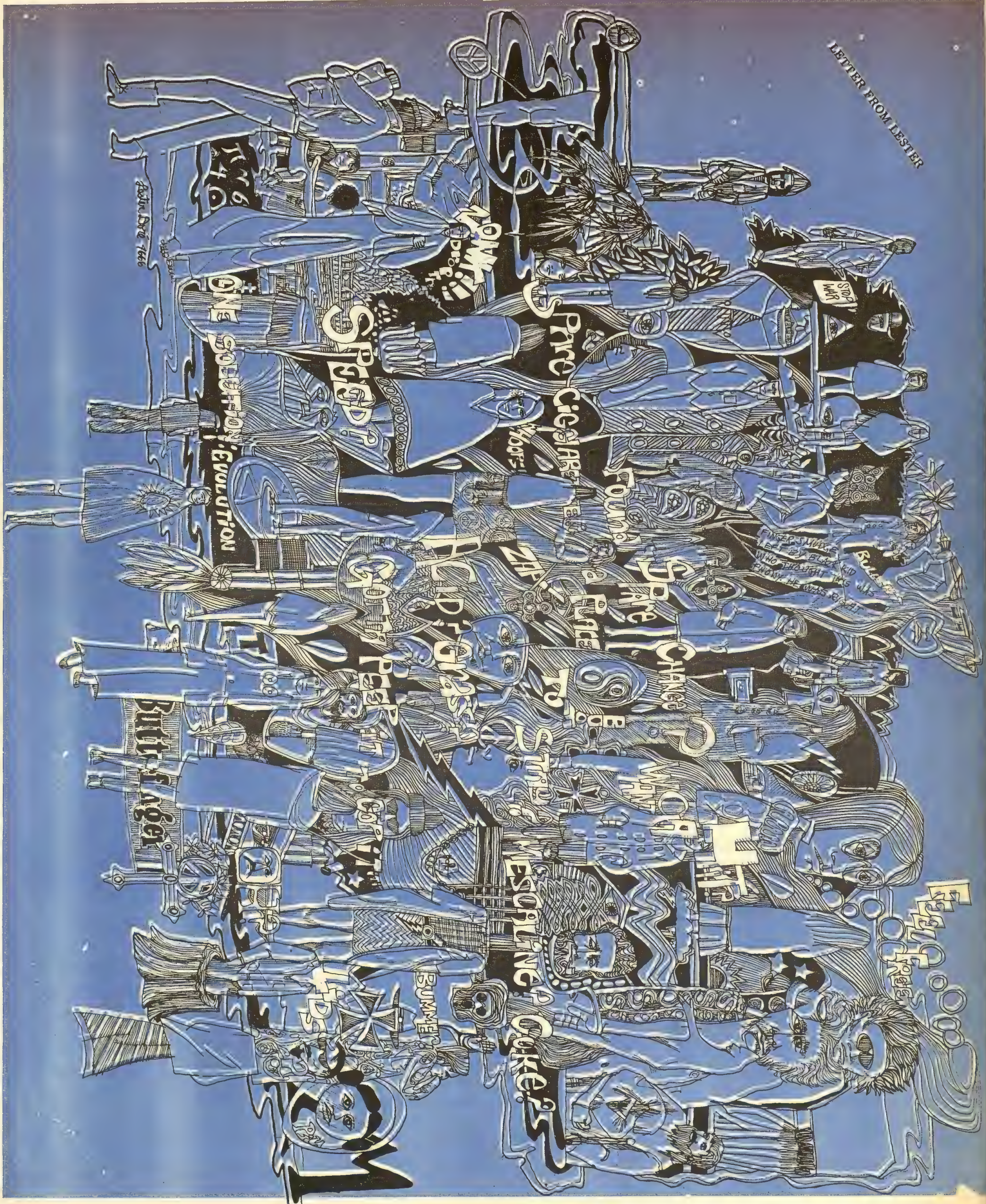
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- KITE THAT LOOKS MOST LIKE IT WON'T GET OFF THE GROUND
- KITE THAT LOOKS MOST LIKE ITS MASTER

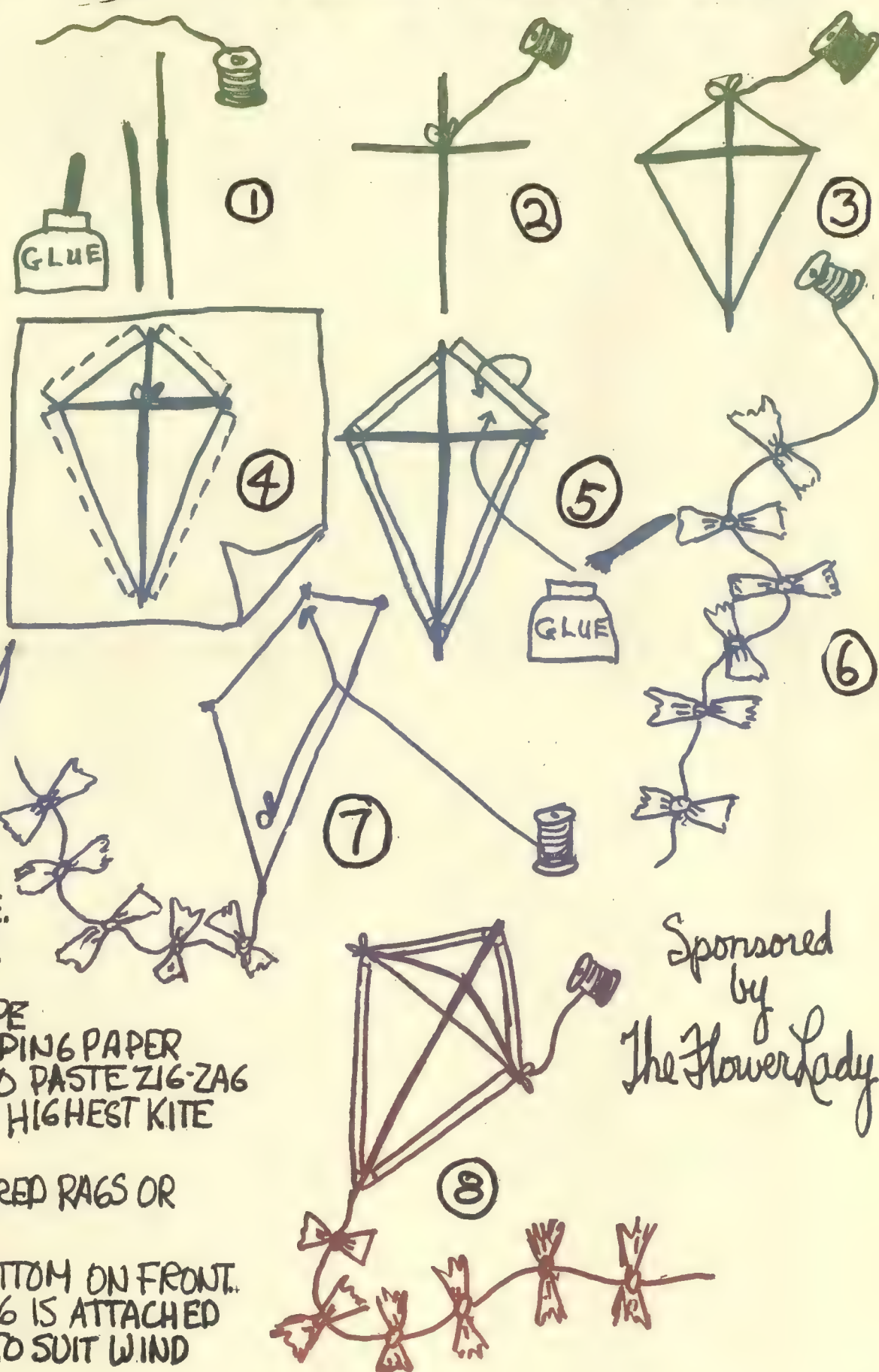
AND

GRAND PRIZE FOR MOST OUT OF SIGHT!

IF ALL ELSE FAILS; READ INSTRUCTIONS

1. START WITH GLUE, STRING, STICKS. TRY SPLITTING A BAMBOO FISHING POLE.
- 2-3. TIE STICKS TOGETHER AS SHOWN OR TO SUIT.
- 4-5. PLACE FRAME ON PAPER. PAPER TYPE CLEANER'S BAG OR LIGHTWEIGHT WRAPPING PAPER IS GOOD. DAYTON GRANT IS PLANNING TO PASTE ZIG-ZAG PAPERS TOGETHER AND TRY FOR THE HIGHEST KITE AWARD.
6. TAIL IS MADE BY TYING BUNCHES OF COLORED RAGS OR PAPER TO LONG STRING.
7. BRIDLE IS TIED NEAR TOP AND NEAR BOTTOM ON FRONT. LEAVE A LITTLE SLACK. THE MAIN STRING IS ATTACHED NEAR CENTER AND CAN BE ADJUSTED TO SUIT WIND AND SELF.
8. IF SMOOTHER FLIGHT & GREATER STABILITY IS DESIRED, BOW THE CROSS MEMBER BACK AND TIE.

Mr Kite

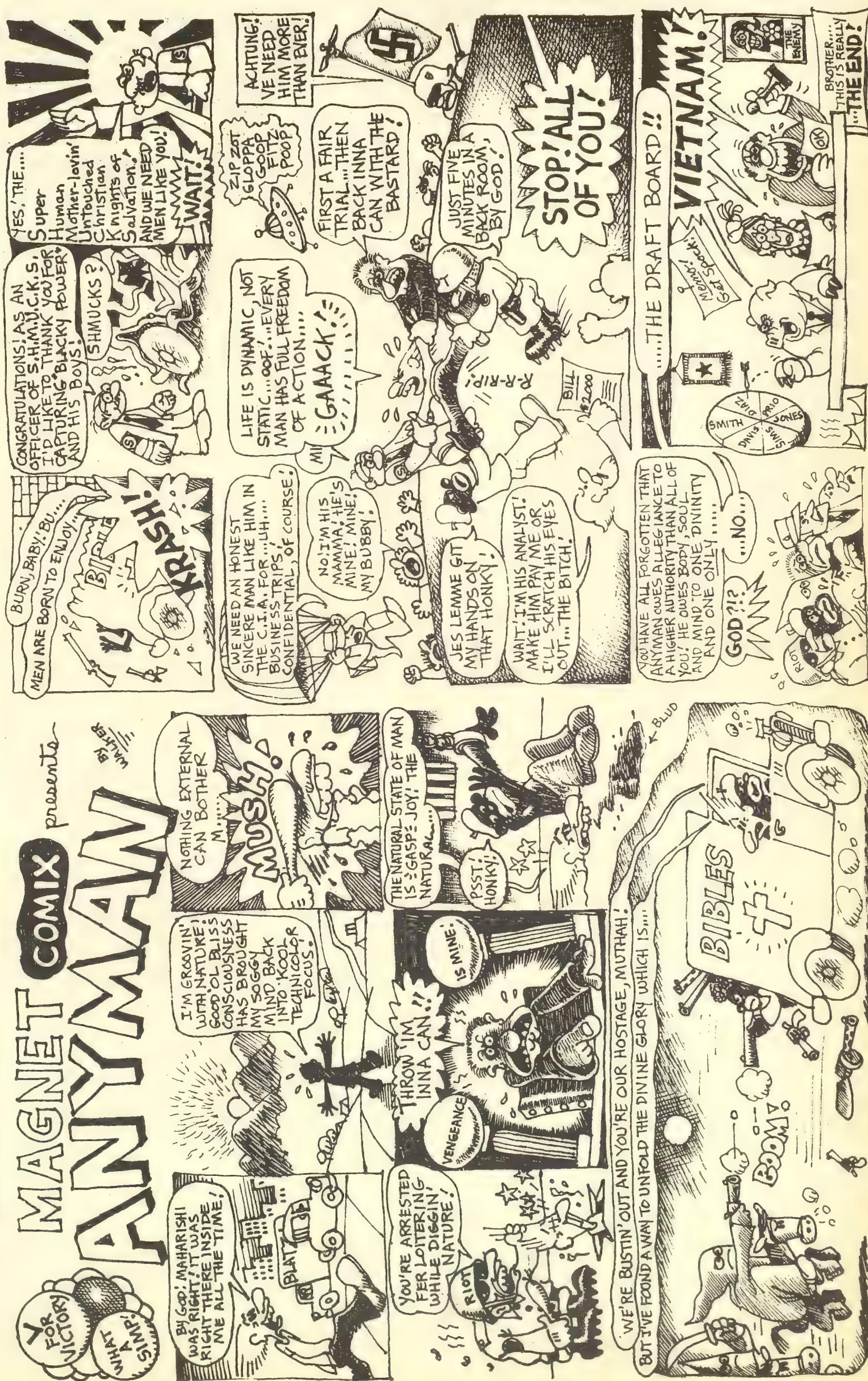


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2:00 P.M. MAR 24th NORTH AVE BEACH

the mahahaharishi sez: SEE Y'ALL AT THE BENEFIT, MARCH 25!!



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AT EASE
LOVES YOU

ELECTRO? PSYCHE

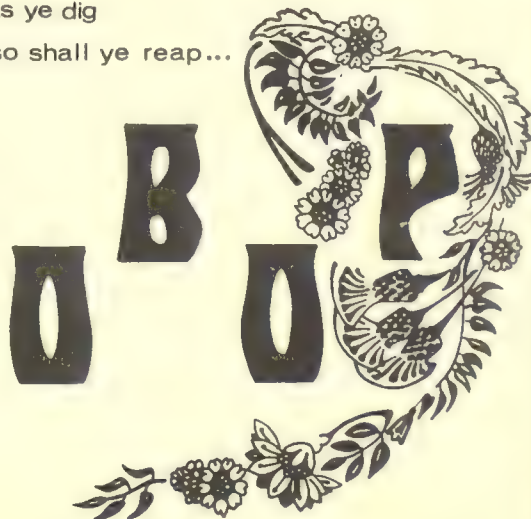
Electronic lighting equipment

PHONE 944-0969



"In some cases there is in Saigon a brutal and remarkable insensitivity to death. At a briefing a few months ago--one of those 'deep background sessions'--a brigadier general said with a smile, 'Well, I'm happy to say that the Army's casualties finally caught up with the Marines last week.' There was a gasp. A civilian U.S. mission officer, sitting next to the general, turned and said incredulously, 'You don't mean you're happy! The general was adamant 'Well, the Army should be doing their job too,' he said. " ---LNS

so shall ye reap...





Dear Seed:

I'm really uptight to hear that my Black brothers and sisters are hassling you to get out of their former office in Old Town Gardens. You cats are the best thing that has happened to the Black ghetto on Chicago's Near North Side since Black Pride.

No group, Black or white, has the right to monopolize that office without justification. Black or white; you pay... you stay.

I would like my Black sisters and brothers to stop and reflect on these four points before they plan any further action against you and the Seed.

(1) Hate, whether justified or unjustified, is a terribly draining emotion. Don't become like the people that you and the Movement profess to be against. Black Pride does not mean Black Hate, Black Intimidation, or Black Supremacy. It means that "I am proud to be Black", and that "Black is Beautiful."

(2) The Seed has done more to put Black people and the Movement into a national and international light than any other publication in the Midwest... Black or white.

(3) The O.T.G. newspaper, run in part by Black folks, and tolerated by the Black residents of O.T.G. endorsed Sheriff Woods and his "Biracial" Riot Squad(?????). The Seed, run by white cats, and read largely by a white audience, vigorously condemned Woods and his Plan with searing satire.

(4) When Newark burned last year the Hippies and the Yips were the first whites in the area, while there was still shooting, to help the Black people who were left homeless. The cops and Guardsmen did nothing to restrain them... they said they were nothing more than "White Niggers"--shades of the Southern Freedom Rides.

Dig--your enemy is not the Seed or the cats who run it. Your enemies are Johnson/Daley/Dirksen/Reagan and all the other demagogues who are trying to weaken our spirit with their promises while, in reality, they are perpetuating The Establishment.

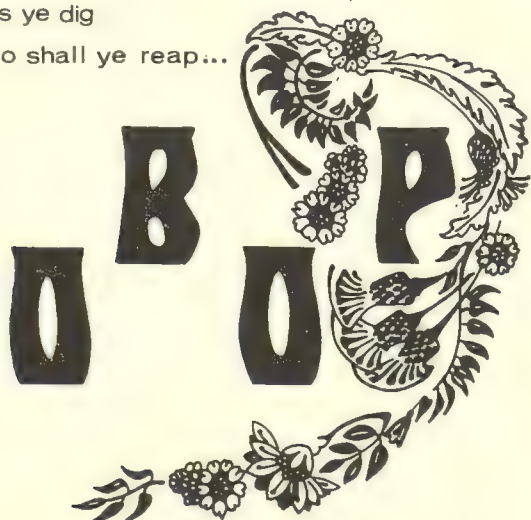
I think all of us, Black and White, should groove on this and take it to heart... Let's unite and fight to defeat the Common Enemy. I am you and you are me,
AND ARE WE ALL TOGETHER?

Reginald Walker

Please remove this name from your mailing list. I don't want to find such FILTH in my mailbox again.

Joy
11627 Watertown Plk. Rd.
Wauwatosa, Wisc. 53226

as ye dig
so shall ye reap...



Dear People,

It was your happiness,
your spontaneous bubbling,
in the silly faces of the pseudo-sacred
bric-a-brac
that suddenly made me feel
like a daisy wet with fresh starlight dew
and I was so glad to know you were all
so happy, so alive in your worlds of peace.

But now I'm so tired and so empty filled;
for what you are, so far away,
so laughing, happy, Human.
That I am not. Why do I love you all
and feel as if I must see and live
within you?

Is it the music you sing in the heather heaven
of stars that Fascinates me with such longing
to know you?

Yes, I'm sure and it is also that
screaming silence
the glowing flowers
of your souls that makes me half know you.

O how stupid you must think I am.
I sit here looking out the window
into the night all white with snow and moon
staring through the window
at something so cream-soaked and silver
and beautiful
and I try to express myself in such
slopped-up words and terms.
It is then that I wish something in me
would cry and I could feel
ashamed
because I touch nothing real in myself
or anyone else.
And I will try to tell of Me to strangers.
It's a fine and wonderful poetry you live
that I love. Your free spun-wide feelings
for the sounds of the oceans of the universe,
your eloquence of peace, the richness of
simplicity
like a chrysanthemum in the wind
singing sunlight of your you.
and for these garbled reasons I wish to beg to know
If you will please for all speckled insanity
Give me a job on your newspaper doing anything
so that I can afford to love
and work

and live what now only seems
so far and near and nowhere at all to me.
Please understand and answer me from
wherever you are-----

I promise to be so small a burden
and I dream only to help as I can.

Please let me know of your thoughts
I want to come to Chicago so really soon.

I hope we have communicated
in peace.

Geoff Wieton

P.S. for Christ's sake, let me get
involved in something--

G.W.

Dear Geoff,

How can I answer you? Your letter was so
filled with hope in us as beautiful wonderful
accomplished fantastically exciting where-it's-
At people, and all we are is a bunch of human
beings, with more faults than most.
We can't pay any workers, except typists by-the-
hour. The only salaried employee is our sec-
retary, and he's lucky to get a day off in three
weeks, so he really earns it. All our other

people, writers, artists, people who help with
layout and opaquing, etc., are volunteers.
You might be able to find a gig through the Hip
Job Co-Op, located in our offices. Talk to
Dave Wyatt. He might also know of crash pads,
but don't bank on anything.
You aren't stupid; but you have some unreal
ideas which must be amended before you get
here, or the disappointment will be too much
for you. We manage to touch only a very little
in each that is real. There is much in us
that is best left untouched. Our poetry is
strange and twisted and often stunted long
before we try to want to live it. DON'T
EXPECT ANYTHING.

If you come to the Seed Office, you'll find
out what a hardnosed bitch I can be...
because I have the true artistic selfishness
and expect everyone and everything to be
useful to the project at hand. That's what
the Seed is, or is trying to be: a work of
art. A collage of different people's writings,
graphics, etc., put together to make (I hope)
something beautiful, funny, moving, alive,
disturbing, real. We don't always succeed.
But if we do sometimes give the impression
of spontaneous bubbling happiness, remember
that it was hard work that made it that way,
and that the artists are only happy while they
are creating---once the thing is done, they
forget it and go on to the next. I've been
unable to enjoy reading the Seed since I've been
editing it.

You in the audience are lucky--the makeup
to you is the flush of youth, the cheesecloth
is lace, the costumes hung with tawdry
beads are fine jewels from where you sit.
We are beautiful because we are good actors.
Now, if you want to get involved in something
real--ask at the Vanguard Bookstore on
State Street (it's in the phone book) or at
Cadre Headquarters, 333 West North Avenue,
or come in and sweep our office floor or
write something printable or opaque nega-
tives (all that takes is a steady hand). But
for God's sake don't expect angels, beau-
tiful people--this is a hard city to survive
in, and we need a soupcon of cynicism to
do it.

In any case, peace, love and
joy (the kind that comes after
your illusions are gone)

Grey Eminence

Dear Seed:

Have you heard? Today (Feb. 20) alone
there have been (at least) 13 busts on the Ur-
bana U. of I. campus, narcs all over, and
everyone super paranoid. Which campus will
be next? All these people being ruined just
for grass.

Does anyone know anything about Jimson
weed (James-Town weed thornapple, datura)?
It's legal, it gives good highs, and seems to be
safe, especially when smoked. It grows wild
all over Illinois in soybean fields and rich
waste land, has smooth stems, leaves like
holly, flowers like trumpets, and seed pods
like eggs covered with thorns. It was discover-
ed by some James-Town settlers who cooked
up a batch of leaves like spinach, ate it, and
tripped out for eleven days. Hundreds of plants
(like grass and Jimson weed) are described in
the many books on poisonous plants. Read, ex-
periment, and pass the word.

Does vitamin B12 heighten acid and nia-
cin down acid? Is it legal to possess psillycbe
culture? How can I get a culture? I wrote
to the address in Seed #13, but no dope.

Love,
Jim

FEEDBACK

(CONTINUED)

Seedlings--

It has been over six months since I last sat on the floor of the leather shop and played Dylan in smoke filled rooms. You don't know me nor do I know you. But I know the scene and all its hang ups, and if my letter can help you enjoy what little we have, then I've succeeded in bringing peace.

I recall sleeping on the floor of somebody's apartment in an old horse blanket, the many nights in unknown cities along some unknown truck route, hoping each light you saw would stop and pick you up, or if worst comes to worst, that it might be some state trooper that would offer you the refuge of a warm cell and a hot meal.

But I find my life has changed beyond all of these small things. Now I pray for dawn so the rockets and mortars will stop, and pray for dark so the small arms fire and WVA assaults will stop and the rockets will come. We search the dead for more arms. A hot meal is only a memory and mail is unheard of.

Yes, we still hitchhike, only we try to get rides on helicopters.

And to curl up against a buddy and sleep is great, for we're all a little queer for the touch of something warm and also afraid.

Yet when rockets fall we still perform acts of defiance. I've seen men die for a wounded man, be he black, or green, or purple. You see hillbillies and sprints search each other out because there is a definite concern for each other.

I've tried to cut fingers and ears off dead bodies for souvenirs, only to vomit from the act. I've shot POW'S because we've got no place to put them.

And men and women go down together in the blast of my rifle. We captured two hard core Vietcong squad leaders; both were women in their forties.

Che Guevara has been learned well over here, for next to Mao his works are very popular.

I hope I've explained what's happening over here. I've always been hostile to man and mankind. I fight alongside a Russian, and we steal and even kill our own to stay alive. Wars like this stink. But if there was to be a war in the U.S. I would have to be in the streets and in the hills of the invisible army.

Let what I've said not go unheeded. Do all that you can to prevent war here and in our own country.

And please don't get drafted. Draftees over here don't live long.

I'd rather go to Canada than see you my friends over here. March for all you're worth, and remember the way to peace is in education, because people with brains have to lead and fight for the unknowing mass of Americans.

In ending I say "Go in Peace" while I "stay in Peace".

Love,
Bill B. Blue

THE MIGHTY WALRUS AND THE EVERLOVIN' CARPENTER WILL SEE YOU AT THE BENEFIT MAR. 25

Dear Seed:

In the last issue of the Realist (#76), Abbie Hoffman suggested that we all make it at the Democratic National Convention wearing VOTE FOR ME buttons and pass out our own literature. Hoffman hoped that we might sweep the convention.

I think that this is a groovy idea and so I am now taking this opportunity to announce my candidacy for President of the U.S. and all that sort of trivia.

I will run on a platform of Pot In Every Chicken--free acid to anyone who hasn't tried it yet. The rest of you should start working on a new scene.

The only situation that would make me withdraw is if the G.O.P. nominates a 1968 ticket of Andy Warhol for President and Frank Zappa for V.P. I'll accept anyone as my V.P. so long as he hasn't ever won an election (Tough luck, student government people).

My cheesey slogan will probaly be "Victory with Victor" unless someone gets to me soon.

Send letters of support, conflicting announcements of candidacies, back issues of your campus Young Republican newsletter, research material from Time and any contributions (Maximum Contribution: 25¢, anything over that will be returned) to:

Albert Victor For President Committee
119 Breen-Phillips Mall
N. Dame, Indiana 46556

Dear Seed,

Here in front of me I have a copy of your paper, "The Seed". I am contemplating what this seed is likely to grow or reproduce.

I am a specialist with the 9th Infantry Division in Viet Nam station a-a small base in the Mekong Delta.

I guess your Free Americans might call me a mockery of American Youth, or a Washington Napalm-Cancer fiend. For I support the use of Napalm, gas, and every atomic weaponry if er ever happen to use it.

I've seen too many true life scenes like the picture I've enclosed, from one of the many pictures printed in papers here in Viet Nam, but unlike your little groups, who know nothing save what you read or someone tells you I have seen and smelled and felt the tragedies of war.

In the battle I have just come back from, fought in the streets of My Tho, (a pro-US, and one of the cleanest little cities I've seen here) we fought in the streets, against an enemy who used innocent civilians as a human shield against us, but the civilians finally broke away and helped us kill the V.C., maybe you couldn't really understand that, so I'll say it again they helped kill the heroes you people look up to the Viet Cong!

I wish I could sit and talk to some of you hip and turned on people, for I think the main problem of that causes many of your opposition in fear, fear is something I am well versed on, but yours is fear of the unknown, or maybe just cowardness.

It may be that I have seen too much of the truth, and for seeing this, my eyes have been closed to your self-proclaimed enlightenment, but if so I am perfectly satisfied with the fate, for I will always be able to hold my head and thoughts of humanity high, for I have seen hell and destruction and I am along with other people trying restore peace to a land and people who do want it.

Print what you will in answer to this letter but do not exploit this picture or paper I have sent, because the destruction you see in the face of the child was caused by your heros, the Viet Cong.

Steven L. Brause

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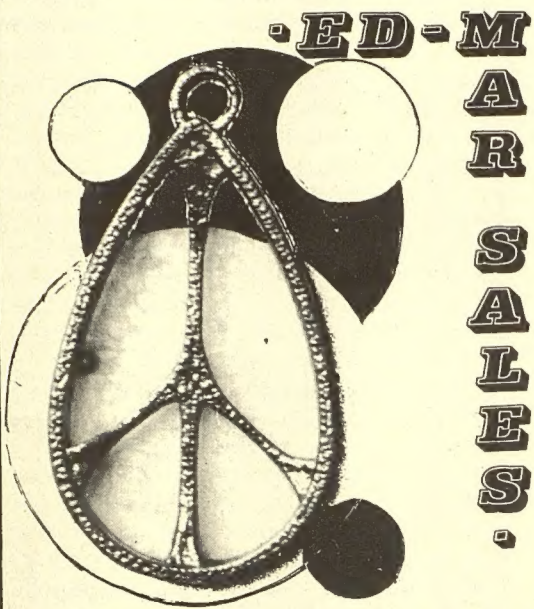
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SEEKS GROOVY CHICK
(Or one that would like to be) I'm 24, male, intelligent, handsome (all that good stuff), looking for good-looking girl, for turn-on, and just talking with. Single or married, but interesting. No phonies, please. Drop me a note and we will have lunch and dig each other. P.O.Box 50056 Cicero, Ill. 60650.

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KENTUCKY DERBY WEEKEND
Three hip gals wanted to share driving to Louisville the weekend of May 4 in exchange for expenses. For info, write BOX KDW % Seed

SEND B&W ROLL FOR APPRISAL. BOB EMAN, P.O. BOX 231, Arlington Heights, Ill. 60006.

HIP COMRADES (peace, etc.) needed badly. Switched-on chick sends plea from Midwest. Aren't others in area? Groovy/anti-Estab. Would like to turn on uptight town. Please, love people, if you're out there, help? K.C. nearest hip area--unable to move in. Bev. Zbryk, P.O. 288, Independence, Mo. Tel. IN 1-9034 (unlisted) 64051.

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03755

Shy male, 21, wants to meet shy hippy girl for tender moments, Stone minutes and Beatle Trips together. 642-8913

LOVE SCENE
Sexual Freedom League newsletter. Mailed in plain cover. \$1. Box 14034, San Francisco, 94114.

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Girl looking for man Help furnish new apt. Royalton Building RO1-4533, RO1-5333

SEED NEEDS PEOPLE OF ALL KINDS -- Reporters, street sellers, cooks, bakers, etc. No bread as yet, but lots of Love. Contact SEED 337-2623 1406 N. Sedgwick

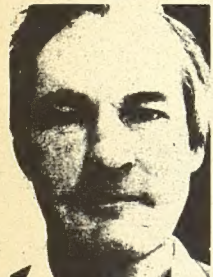
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move to it's new home. You can call Dave at the SEED.

ARTIST, 25, Seed Staff Mbr.,
wants girl (at least 18) to share bed, board, give aid & comfort of physical, spiritual, not necessarily intellectual nature. Write Box 1, THE SEED

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THE HIPPIES IN CHICAGO



TIMOTHY LEARY



ALLEN GINSBERG

BY JACK MABLEY
"THE DAY before LBJ arrives we will announce to the underground press that the President will arrive at 2 p.m. at O'Hare International airport. And it will be our own LBJ who will be greeted enthusiastically by the hippies, honored with a motorcade thru the city, and then grant a press conference to announce America's withdrawal from Viet Nam."
"Vippees plan to paint their cars like cabs, pick up delegates, and drop them off in Wisconsin."
"One night 100,000 people will burn draft cards at the

Peace or Pandemonium?



Nine reporters for Chicago's American have formed the PROBE team which for 3 weeks has been examining the question: "What kind of summer will Chicago have?" With the release of the President's commission report on last summer's riots, this series is especially timely.
Working with Assistant Managing Editor Jack Mabley have been L. F. Palmer Jr., James Murray, George Murray, Peter Reuch, Richard Cwiklinski, Dorothy Storch, Ralph Stow, Malden Jones in Springfield, and Tom Leach in Washington.

together in the middle of the country at the end of the summer for a super-creative synthesis, energy explosion, information exchange."
A census of the hippie population of America is quite impossible. Even an educated guess is iffy. They are in the thousands--probably tens of thousands. They all read the scores of papers in the underground press. And virtually every issue of the underground press is talking up the great hash in Chicago in August.

THE HIPPIE-YIPPEE inundation is causing concern among the serious anti-war groups and black power organizations, which are making separate plans for a gigantic demonstration during the Democratic convention. They don't want the flower

same moment, with the fires spelling out "Beat Army."
The yippee version of President Johnson and the other ideas are some of the plans the yippees, successors to hippies, have for Chicago next August. Whether they mean this, or have just had

one too many LSD trips...
BUT THERE is no question Chicago is going to be invaded by yippees--thousands of them... most of them.
"Imagine the sight," says Jerry Rubin, founder of the Youth International Party.

"Thousands upon thousands of yippees, from 200,000 and beyond, making their way to Chicago by thumb/ Magical Mystery Tour bus, bicycle, car, truck, foot--from big town to small hamlet--carrying sleeping bags, guitars, blankets, food--and coming

(Continued on page 18, col. 1)



Turn to Page 48

Chicago's AMERICAN

Always On Top Of The News

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Scratches on Page 46

Vol. 48, No. 210 Four Sections, Section I THURSDAY, MARCH 7, 1968 Phone: 222-4321 1 L 7 CENTS

HINT LSD TRIP IN CO-ED SLAYING

Dear Mr. Mabley;

We're very happy that the Chicago American decided to run one of our article headlines in place of their usual banner. In the future we would willingly draw all your headlines free, but it would be nice if you could give us one teenyweeny credit.

As to the Yippee article, I cannot understand how the mighty Chicago American, with all its multitudinous staff, could stoop to culling its top story from the pages of the insignificant Seed, especially as the Tribune-American Combine has refused to print us.

Don't you think that your lower headline is much more suitable to the type of policies you follow and the type of paper you put out?

Sincerely yours, Colin H. Pearlson

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